

DYNAMIC COMICS

NO. 8
10¢



WRITTEN BY A. CHESTER JO
ART BY J. L. STODOLSKY & T.

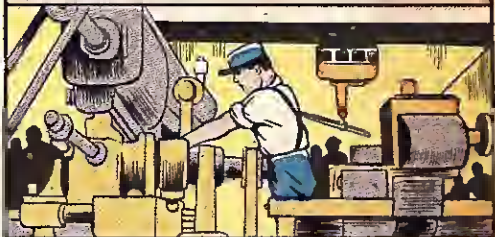
WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

YANKEE BOY



HARRY "A" CHESLER, Jr.
FEATURES SYNDICATE, N. Y.

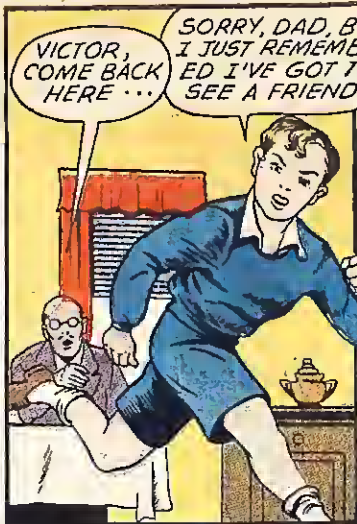
LOYAL AMERICANS TOIL CEASELESSLY THROUGHOUT AMERICA IN UNITED EFFORT TO CRUSH THE AXIS BY SUPPLYING THEIR FIGHTING MEN WITH MATERIALS OF WAR.

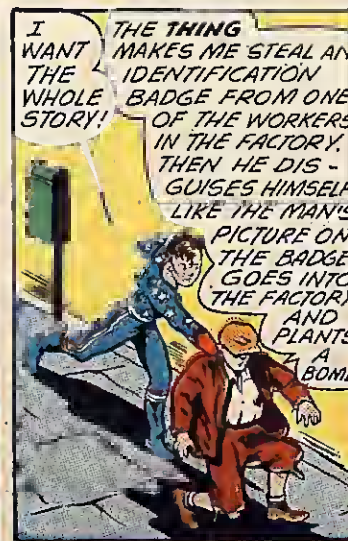
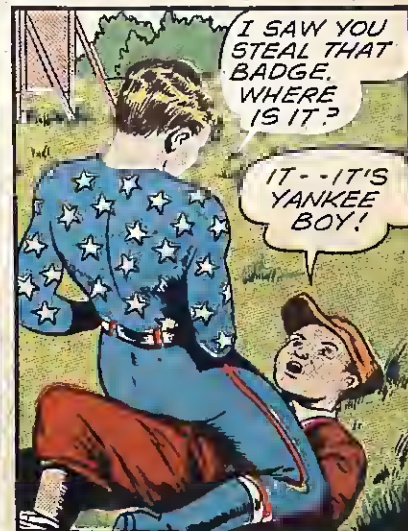
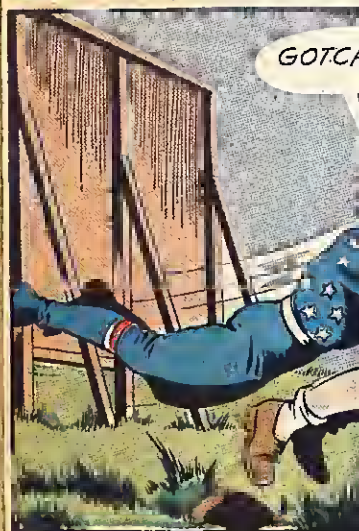


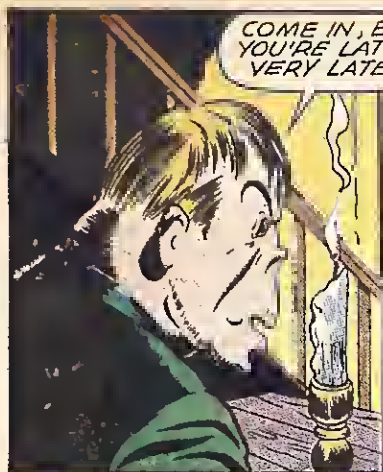
SUDDENLY...



ENDOWED WITH AN UNCONQUERABLE LOVE OF FREEDOM, AND WITH THE BATTLE CRY OF VICTORY ON HIS LIPS YANKEE BOY HURLS HIMSELF AGAINST THE NATION'S FOES IN HIS BATTLE TO PRESERVE DEMOCRACY.







COME IN, BUDDY.
YOU'RE LATE,
VERY LATE.

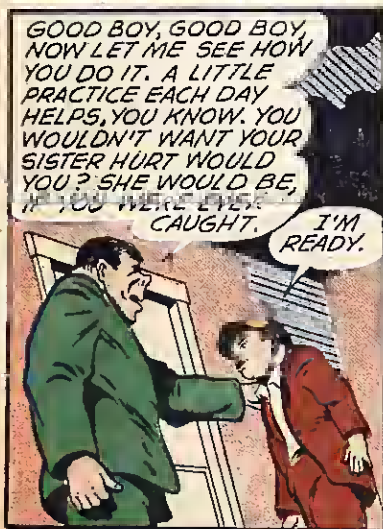


I COULDN'T HELP
IT, HONEST I
COULDN'T.



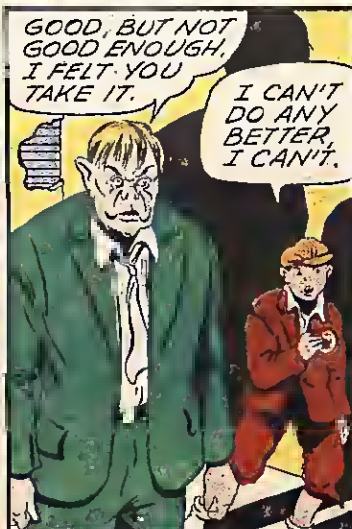
DID YOU
GET IT?
QUICK.

YOU'RE
HURTING
ME. YES,
I HAVE A
BADGE.
TOOK IT
FROM ONE
OF THE
WORKERS.



GOOD BOY, GOOD BOY,
NOW LET ME SEE HOW
YOU DO IT. A LITTLE
PRACTICE EACH DAY
HELPS, YOU KNOW. YOU
WOULDN'T WANT YOUR
SISTER HURT WOULD
YOU? SHE WOULD BE,
IF YOU WERE EVER
CAUGHT.

I'M
READY.



GOOD, BUT NOT
GOOD ENOUGH.
I FELT YOU
TAKE IT.

I CAN'T
DO ANY
BETTER,
I CAN'T.



BRING THE GIRL
IN, TOAD, THE
BOY NEEDS
LESSONS.

OUCH!...
DON'T
HURT HER
...I'LL
TRY
AGAIN.



HERE SHE
IS BOSS!

LET ME GO,
PLEASE LET
ME GO!

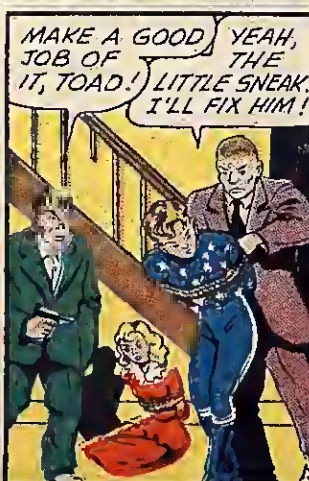
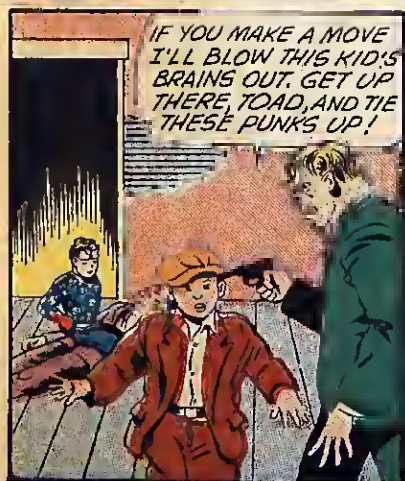
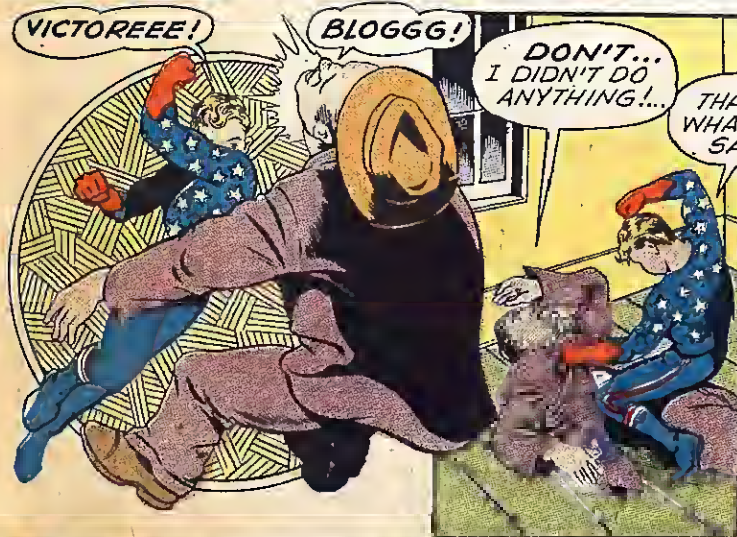
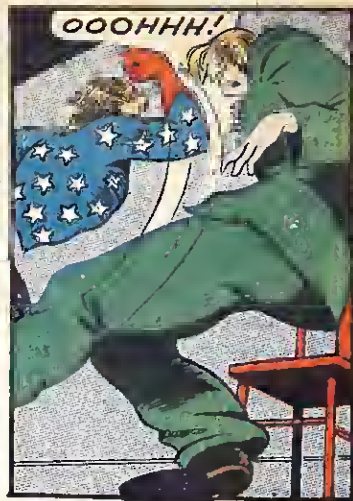
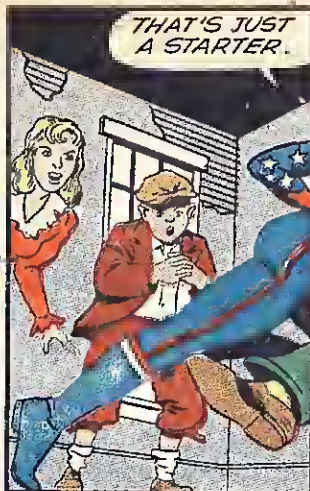


SEE, BUDDY, I'LL SLIT
HER THROAT IF YOU DON'T
WORK HARD ON YOUR
LESSONS.

PLEASE---
PLEASE---
I'LL DO
ANYTHING
YOU ASK!



NOOOOOO!

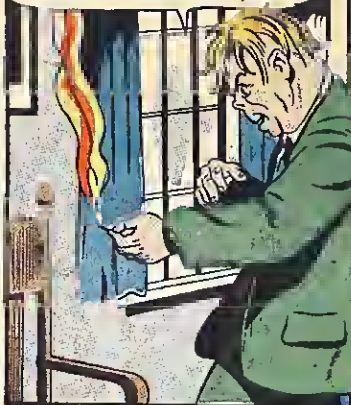


LAY OFF, TOAD, WE'LL PAY A VISIT TO THE PLANT AND FINISH OUR BUSINESS THERE! THIS BADGE WILL GET ME IN THE NIGHT SHIFT!

WHAT ABOUT THESE MUGS?

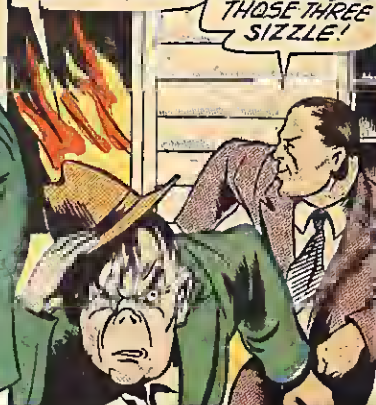


WE'LL LET 'EM COOK! COME ON! THIS PLACE'LL GO UP LIKE A MATCH-BOX!



TO THE CAR! WE WANT TO GET TO THE PLANT QUICK!

I'D LIKE TO HAVE HUNG AROUND AND WATCHED THOSE THREE SIZZLE!



A POWERFUL CAR GLIDES INTO THE NIGHT - LEAVING THREE HELPLESS VICTIMS TO DIE IN THE RAGING FLAMES.



SEVERAL MINUTES LATER.

YOU WAIT HERE! I'LL BE RIGHT BACK!

OKAY, BOSS!

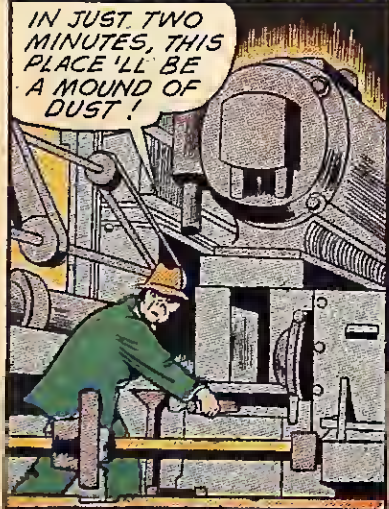


OKAY, PASS IN!

THIS IS EASY!



IN JUST TWO MINUTES, THIS PLACE'LL BE A MOUND OF DUST!

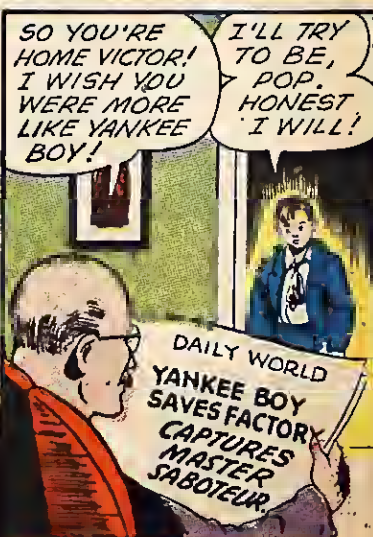
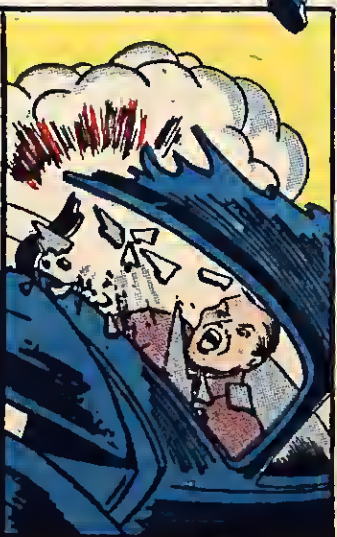
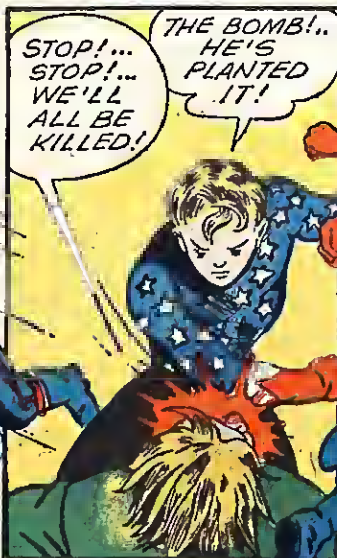
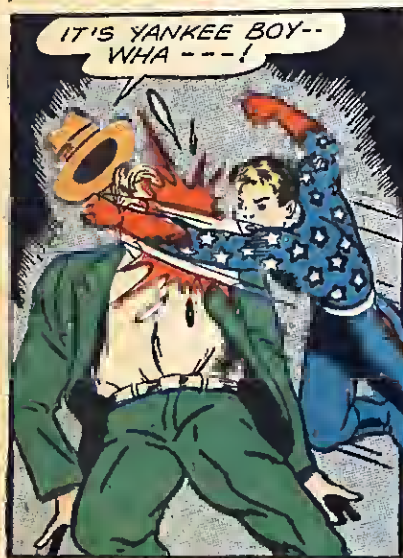
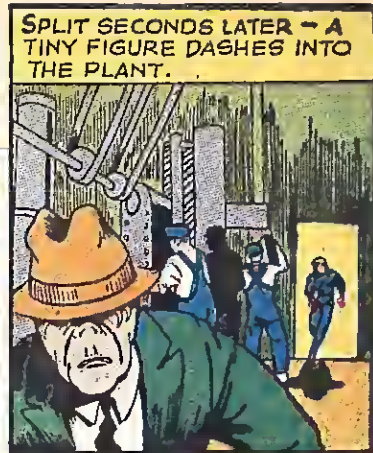
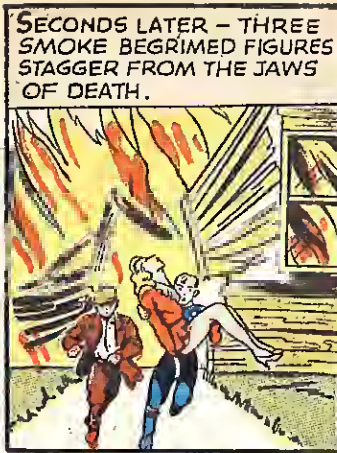


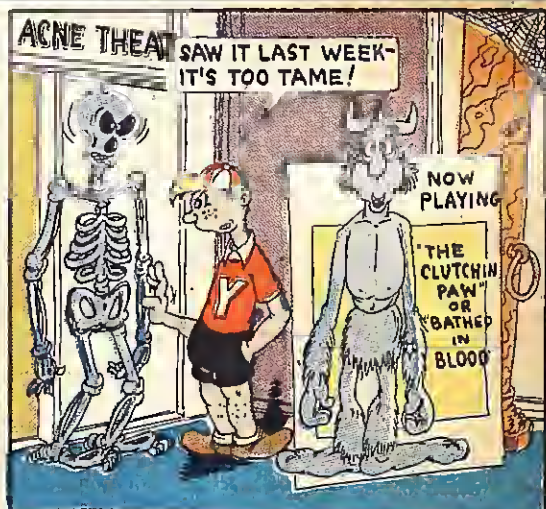
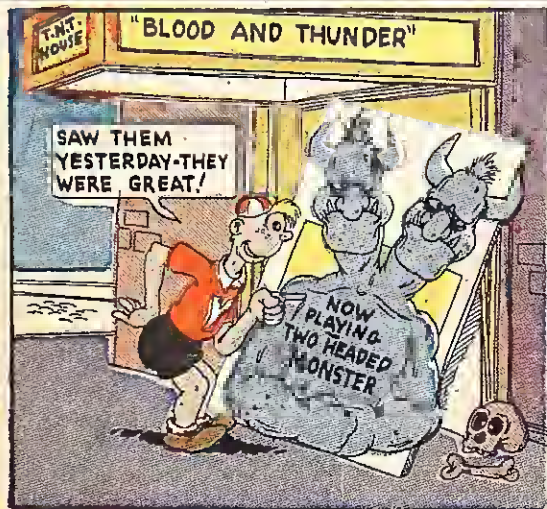
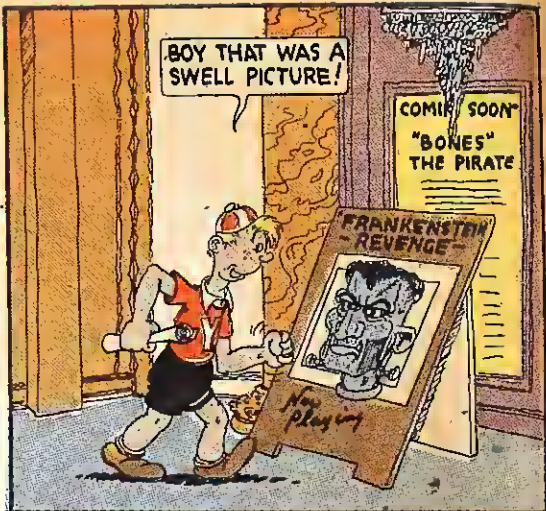
MEANWHILE - IN THE BURNING INFERNO.

IT'S ALL MY FAULT! I SHOULDN'T HAVE TOLD ON THEM! I'LL GET YOU OUT!

NOT MUCH CHANCE - FLAME SPREADING.







HARRY "A" CHESLER, JR.
FEATURES SYNDICATE, N. Y.

DYNAMIC MAN

WITH ANCIENT WITCHCRAFT
AND BLACK MAGIC AT HIS
COMMAND, THE YELLOW
SPOT SETS OUT ON A
CAMPAIGN TO DESTROY THE
MENTALITY OF THE HUMAN
RACE, ONLY TO FIND THE
MIGHTY DYNAMIC MAN,
A FIGHTER IMPOSSIBLE
TO OVERCOME.



EVENING, IN THE STUDY OF AN EM-
INENT BRAIN SPECIALIST...

WHY... IT'S
A BAT!

THE BAT TAKES ON A HORRIBLE HUMAN SHAPE AND CASTS A HYPNOTIC SPELL...

A BRAIN SPECIALIST... OBEY ME SLAVE!



I WILL, MASTER!



...AND AT THE LABORATORY OF A NOTED CHEMIST...

I WILL OBEY!

ANOTHER VICTIM FOR THE YELLOW SPOT.



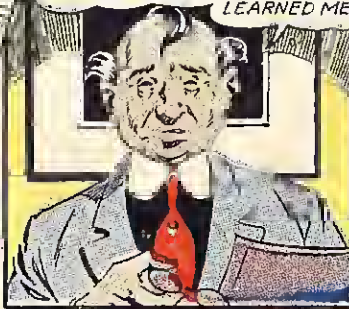
The Press Philadelphia
Guardian
ELECTRICAL WIZARD DISAPPEARS



HOUSEKEEPER BREAKS INTO LABORATORY TO FIND IT EMPTY. POLICE ARE BAFLED.

GREAT RESEARCHER AND AUTHORITY ON ANCIENT BLACK MAGIC, DR. MOORE READS OF THE STRANGE HAPPENINGS.

IT'S COME TRUE... THE ANCIENT CURSE OF THE WITCHES! KNOWLEDGE DESTROYED THEIR FOLLOWING AND SO THEY VOWED SOMEDAY TO WIPE OUT ALL LEARNED MEN!



ENTERING HIS LABORATORY...

LUCKY I STARTED MY EXPERIMENT TO CREATE A MIGHTY HUMAN TO COMBAT THIS EVIL! NOW I MUST COMPLETE IT QUICKLY!

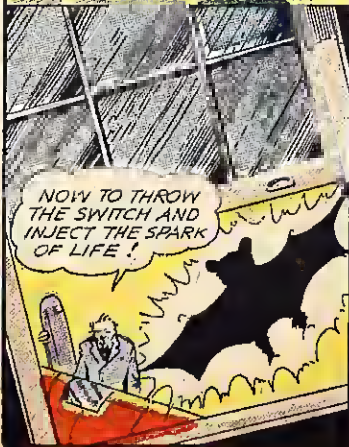


PROFESSOR MOORE STANDS BEFORE HIS LATEST CREATION.



THE POWER OF STEEL, THE SPEED OF AN EAGLE AND THE WISDOM OF THE SAGES... ALL HAVE BEEN COMBINED IN THE ONE BODY!

BUT THROUGH AN OPEN WINDOW, A BLACK BAT FLUTTERS IN...



NOW TO THROW THE SWITCH AND INJECT THE SPARK OF LIFE!

... AND ONCE AGAIN TAKES ON THE SHAPE OF A HORRIBLE HUMAN.



HEH, HEH... UNLIKE THE OTHERS WHOSE BRAINS SHALL BE DESTROYED... YOU WILL DIE! BEFORE YOUR WORK IS DONE!

THE PROFESSOR MAKES A LEAP FOR THE SWITCH...

ALL IS NOT YET LOST!



DIE... YOU ENEMY OF THE WITCHES OF OLD!

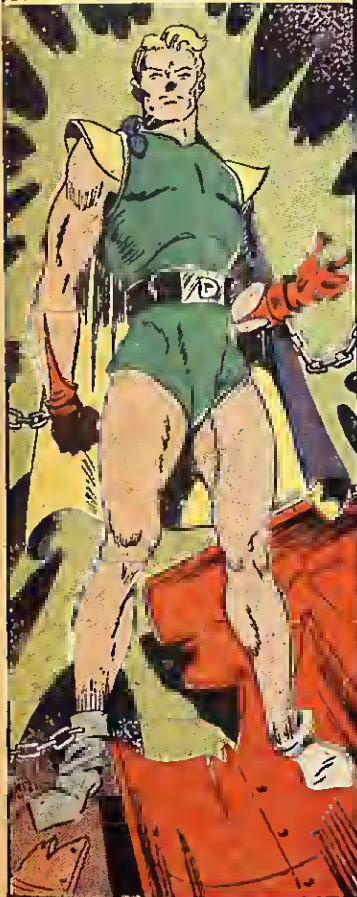


THE DYING PROFESSOR ACCOMPLISHES HIS FINAL FEAT, AND...

HE'S RELEASED THE LIFE GIVING SWITCH!

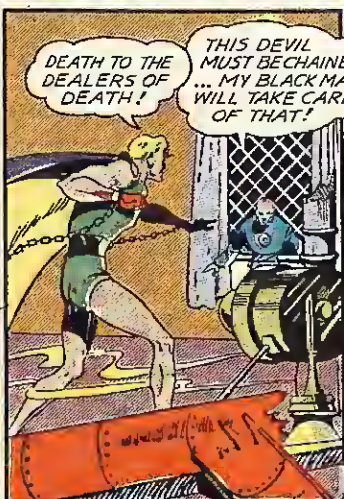


SUDDENLY, A VIOLENT EXPLOSION SHATTERS THE LABORATORY MECHANISM, RELEASING A MIGHTY FIGURE, AND THE PROFESSOR'S DYNAMIC MAN... COME TO LIFE!



DEATH TO THE DEALERS OF DEATH!

THIS DEVIL MUST BE CHAINED... MY BLACK MAGIC WILL TAKE CARE OF THAT!



BLACK MAGIC GUARDS IT'S FRIENDS WELL, JUST TRY, JUST TRY AND BREAK MY SPELL!

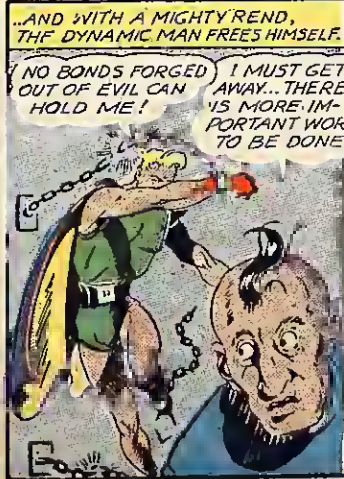
FOOL... THERE IS ONLY ONE POWER... THE POWER OF GOOD! WATCH....



...AND WITH A MIGHTY REND, THE DYNAMIC MAN FREES HIMSELF.

NO BONDS FORGED OUT OF EVIL CAN HOLD ME!

I MUST GET AWAY... THERE IS MORE IMPORTANT WORK TO BE DONE!



BUT THE YELLOW SPOT RESUMES IT'S BAT-LIKE CHARACTER.

LIKE THE SLIMY THING THAT IT IS... IT RETREATS FROM THE POWER OF RIGHT!



BUT AS THE LAST BREATH LEAVES
THE PROFESSOR, DYNAMIC MAN
SWEARS AN OATH.

YELLOW SPOT SEEKS
TO DESTROY ALL
KNOWLEDGE... YOU
MUST FIGHT AND
DESTROY HIS BLACK
MAGIC... AHHH!

FOR YOUR
SAKE I SHALL
RID THE WORLD
OF THAT MENACE!

THE POWER OF THE
EAGLE WILL CARRY
ME THROUGH THE AIR!

A SHORT WHILE LATER...

THIS LOOKS LIKE
THE CRAGGY DWELL-
ING OF THE WITCHES
OF OLD... MENTIONED
BY THE PROFESSOR
IN HIS NOTES!

EEYAH!

THAT CAVE... MUST
BE THE HIDEOUT
OF THE YELLOW
SPOT! I'LL LOOK...

...IT'S A TRAP!

THE
DYNAMIC
MAN
FINDS
HIMSELF
A
PRISONER
BEFORE
THE
MAD
YELLOW
SPOT.

YOU ARE IN A NET OF
WOVEN BLACK MAGIC.
ONLY THIS KNIFE,
FORGED FROM THE
BONES OF A DYING
MURDERER, CAN
FREE YOU!

ONLY THIS
KNIFE! DO
YOU HEAR?

WISE MEN HAVE DRIVEN
SUPERSTITION FROM THE
EARTH. I WILL BRING IT
BACK! OBSERVE! A TOUCH
OF THE LEVER AND A
VICTORY FOR BLACK MAGIC

HE IS NOT THE FIRST
NOR WILL HE BE THE
LAST. I WILL NOT STOP
UNTIL ALL THE LEARNED
MEN IN THE WORLD
ARE AS HE IS.
REDUCED TO CHILDREN.





THAT'S TWO!

HIDEOUS ONES...
COME QUICKLY!



DRAIN HIS BLOOD



NOW I REALLY
START CLEANING
HOUSE.

BIFF



NICE MAN WILL
GIVE ME MARBLES,
DON'T HURT
NICE MAN.



MY BLACK MAGIC
STILL LIVES...IT
WILL PROTECT ME!



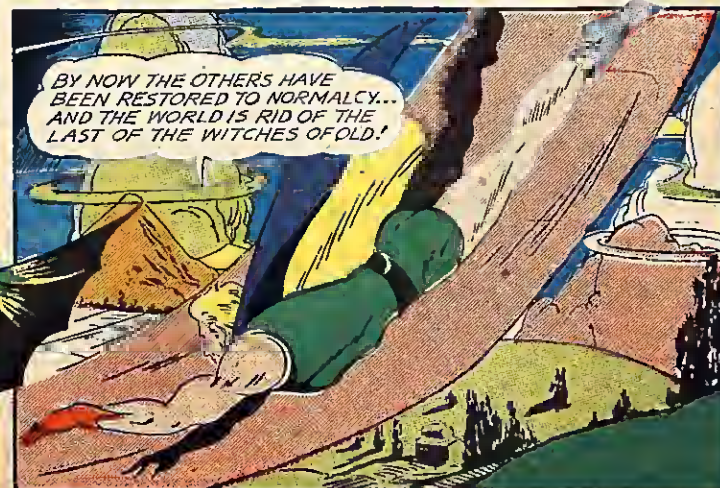
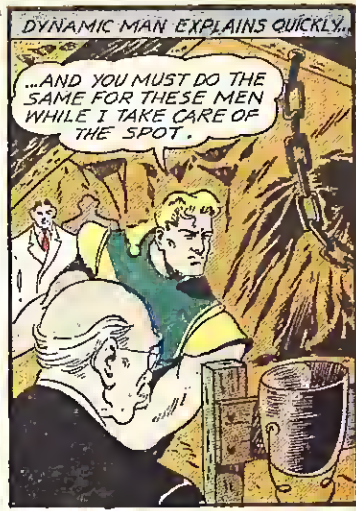
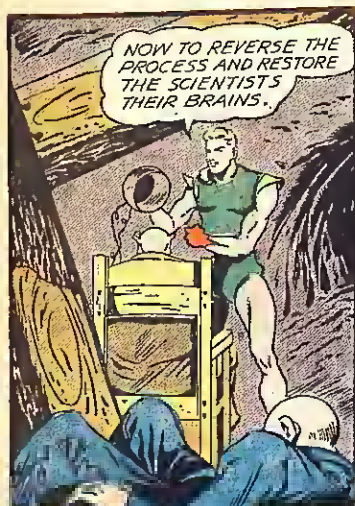
YOU'LL NOT TRAP
ME THIS TIME!

SOK



GOOD BYE, SPOT... AND
WITH IT GOES YOUR BLACK
MAGIC!

UGH
UGH!



THE RECORD QUARTER MILE



"Smoked Devil-fish!" yelled Eightball, as he saw his name on the athletic bulletin board. "Ah's to-run anchor man for the mile relay, in tomorrow's meet with Hinch High."

Monty, Spud and Red were Eightball's pals in the Young Americans. They were all congratulating him on his good luck. The three were a cinch to make the team but they had their doubts about Eightball.

Red, who ran the third quarter mile leg, grinned to himself. It was he who had persuaded Coach Barkly to make Eightball the anchor man.

At starting time the next day, the stands were jammed with home town rooters. They went wild as the Chesler High School team made its appearance on the field. Then Hinch High's team came on the field and were cheered by their followers.

The games started and event followed event the lead changing hands often. As shadows started falling over the field, there were only three events left and the score was tied.

Monty, the leader of the Young Americans, dug his cleats into the clay as he prepared to get off to a good start in the hundred yard sprint. He knew that Chesler didn't have a chance in the weight throwing contest. That big guy on Hinch was too powerful. It

was up to Monty to win his event and pray for a first in the mile relay, the event Red and Eightball were entered in.

Suddenly the gun banged. Down the stretch Monty raced, neck and neck with the Hinch entry. As they neared the tape, he brought out a last burst of speed. That last ounce of energy that had won so many tough battles for the Young Americans.

The sudden, deafening cheers and shouts from the Chesler section of the jammed stadium told Monty that he had won the race. The score was tied! Now if Charley Sultan could only win the weight throwing contest, Chesler would breeze in. But Sultan's heave of 49 feet was not good enough. Kraft, of Hinch, threw the weight 53 feet! It was a new meet record.

Everybody realized that if Chesler could not take the mile relay they would be defeated, for the first time in twenty-two meets.

The crowded stands grew quiet. The mile relay was about to begin!

A crack of the gun, and the race was on. Proctor, the first Chesler runner, ran even with the Hinch man for the first lap.

At the quarter, the second runners took the batons and got away to a good start. In unison, the Chesler fans groaned. Kamen had twisted his ankle and fallen! He

got to his feet quickly, but the damage had been done. The Hinch runner was a good ninety yards in front.

Red shoved a small bag inside his shirt as he prepared for his quarter. "This will do the trick or we're sunk," he said to himself.

By the time Red got the baton, the Hinch man was still far in front. Using all his speed and strength, Red could only narrow the lead down to fifty yards. As he rounded the last turn, he drew the small bag from his shirt, and tore for the waiting Eightball. He handed the baton to Eightball and emptied the contents of the bag in Eightball's pants.

"MAN!" bellowed Eightball, as he surged forward like a bullet. Before the amazed eyes of the on-lookers, he passed the Hinch runner and broke the tape a full fifty yards in front. BUT, he didn't stop. The last the crowd saw of him, he was going full speed down the ramp that led to the showers.

Under the steaming shower he could hear Coach Barkly yelling to him. "Eightball, you won the meet for us. What's more, you set a new record for the quarter mile run!"

Eightball looked out of the shower and yelled, "MAN, WHAT WOULD YOU DO IF SOMEONE SHOVED ANTS IN YOUR PANTS?"

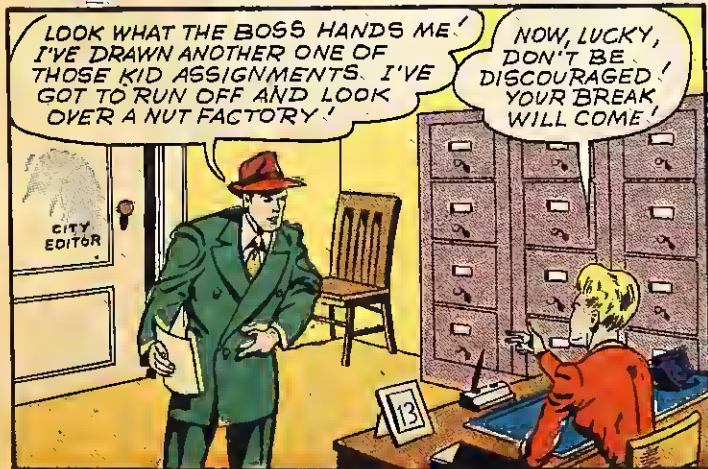
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LUCKY COYNE,
CUB REPORTER ON
THE DAILY WORLD,
DRAWS ANOTHER DRAB
ASSIGNMENT.... A
CHECK-UP ON THE
STATE SANATORIUM...
AND BECOMES
INVOLVED IN
"THE CASE OF THE
SCREAMING IDIOTS"

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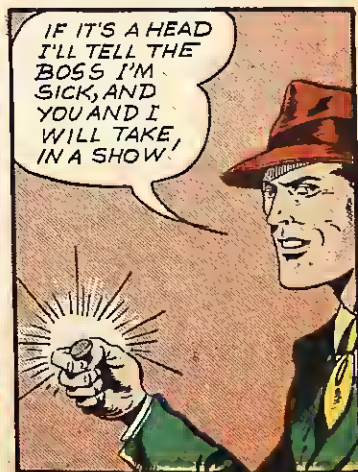


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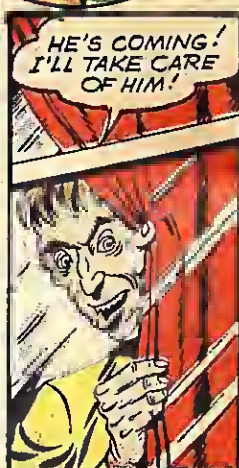
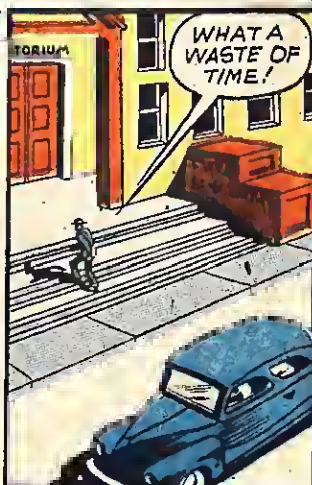
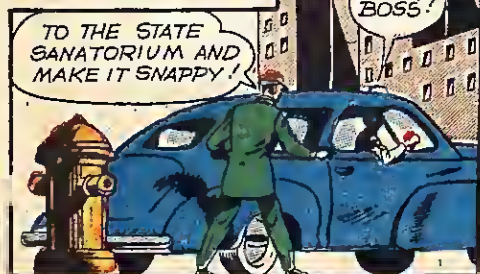
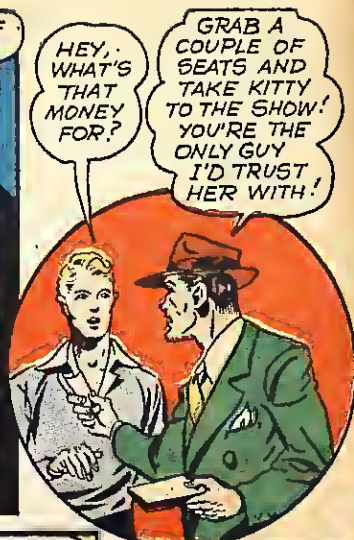


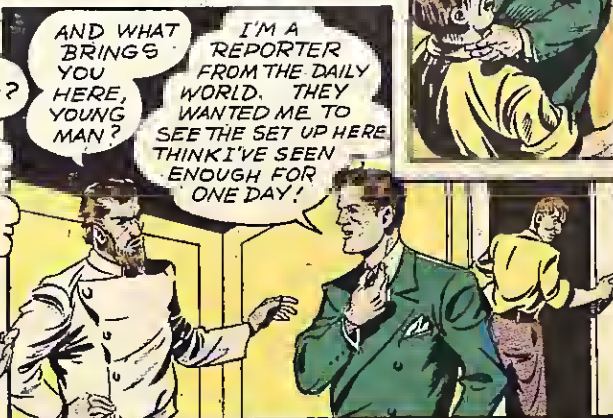
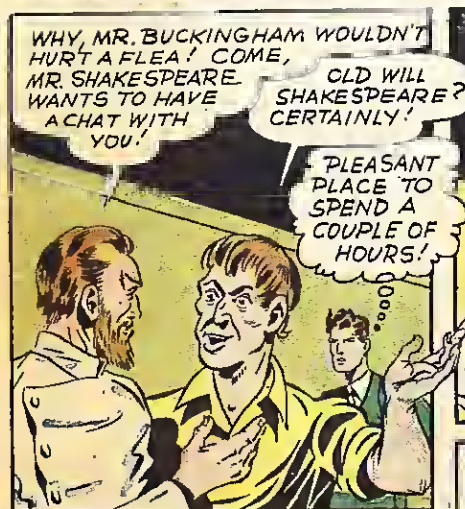
LOOK WHAT THE BOSS HANDS ME!
I'VE DRAWN ANOTHER ONE OF
THOSE KID ASSIGNMENTS. I'VE
GOT TO RUN OFF AND LOOK
OVER A NUT FACTORY!

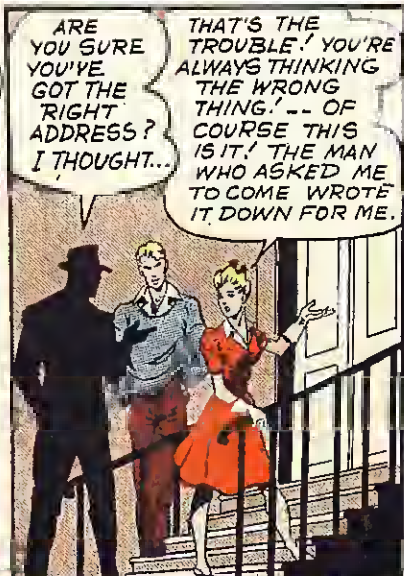
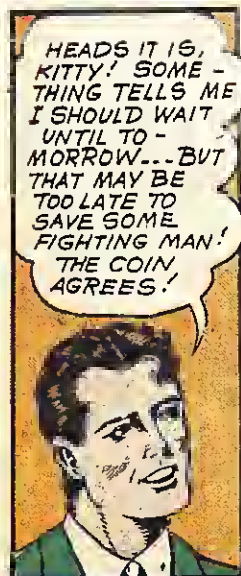
NOW, LUCKY,
DON'T BE
DISCOURAGED!
YOUR BREAK
WILL COME!

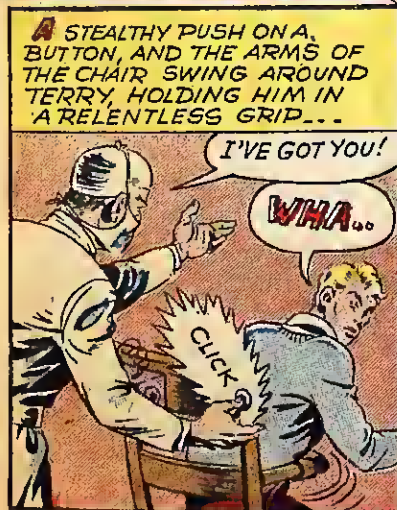
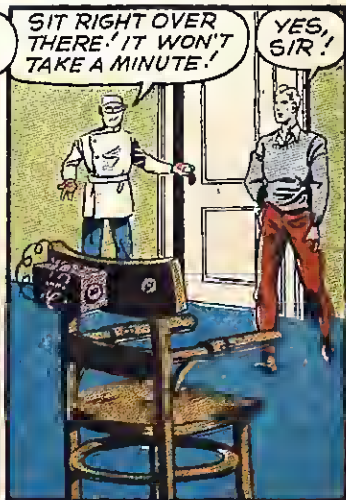
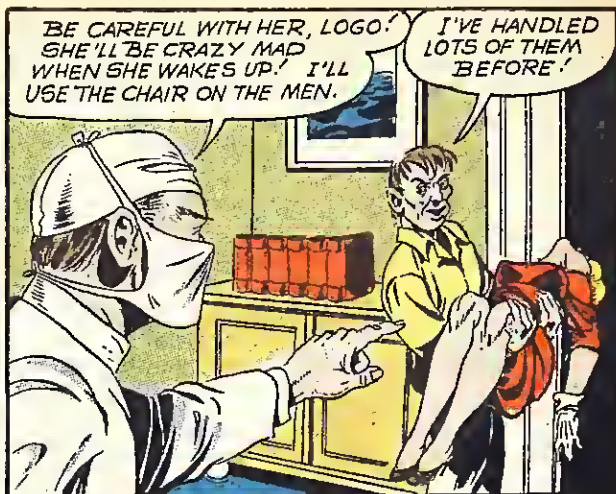
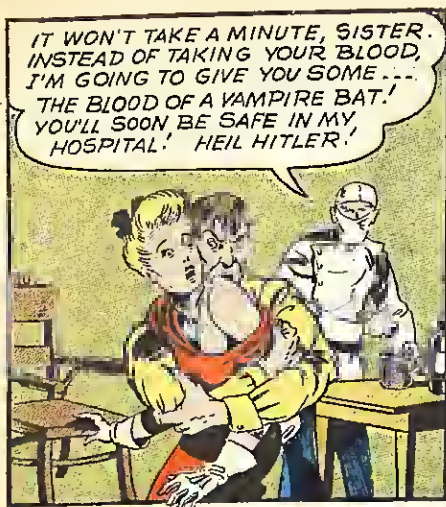


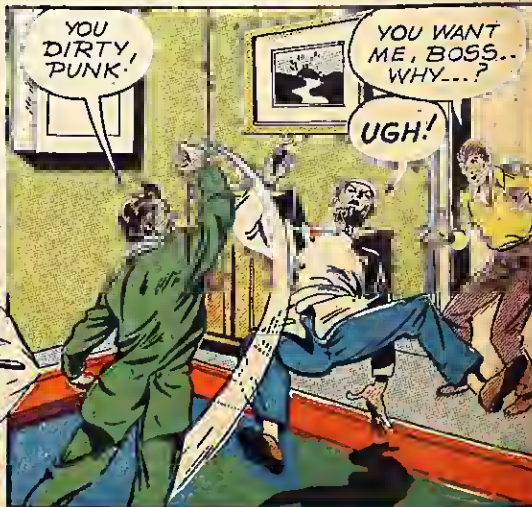
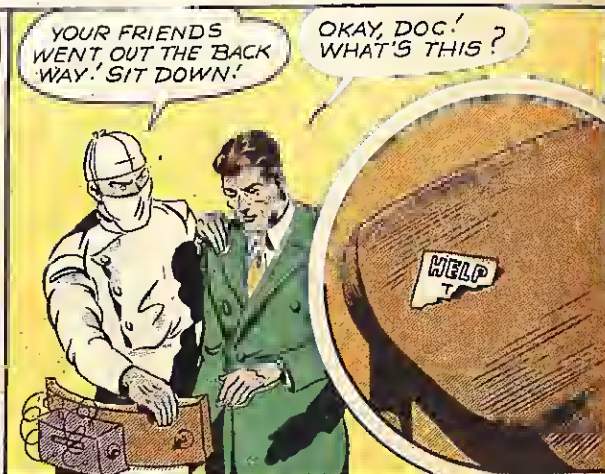
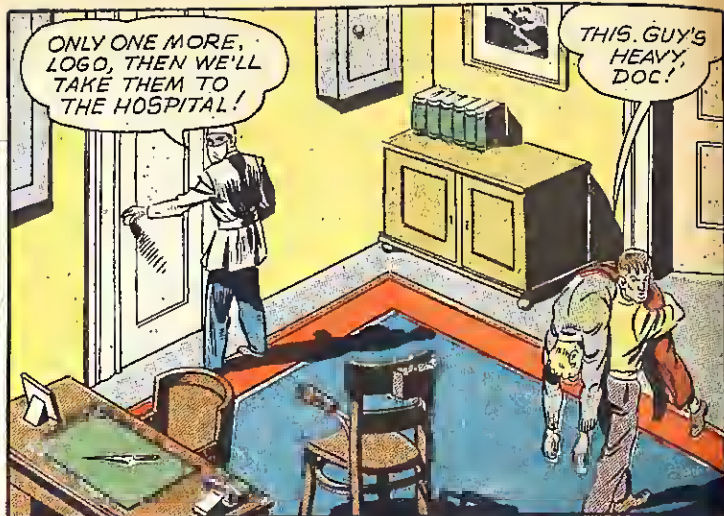
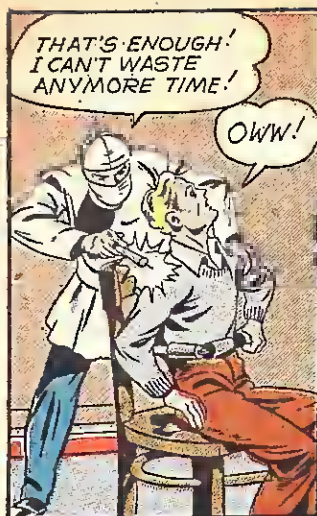
IF IT'S A HEAD
I'LL TELL THE
BOSS I'M
SICK, AND
YOU AND I
WILL TAKE,
IN A SHOW!













I GOT HIM!



YOU CAN SAY THAT AGAIN!

YEEOW-W!



WATCHA DO WITH MY FRIENDS?... QUICK! WHERE ARE THEY? IF YOU DON'T TELL I'LL STAB YOU BEFORE I CALL THE POLICE!

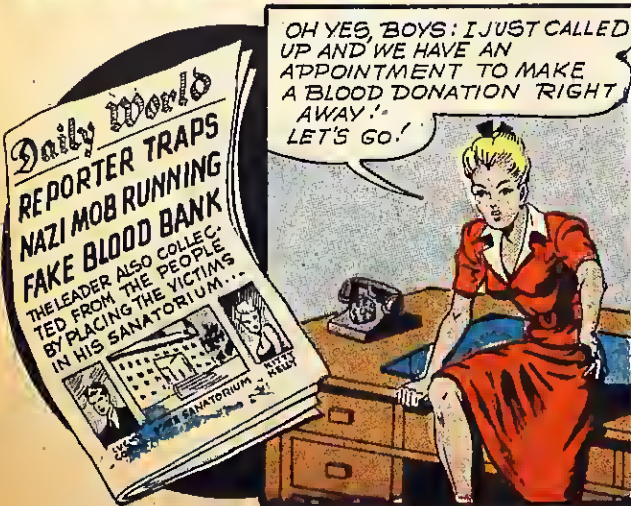
DON'T... THEY'RE IN THE OTHER ROOM... A PILL OUT OF THAT BOTTLE ON THE TABLE WILL CURE THEM!



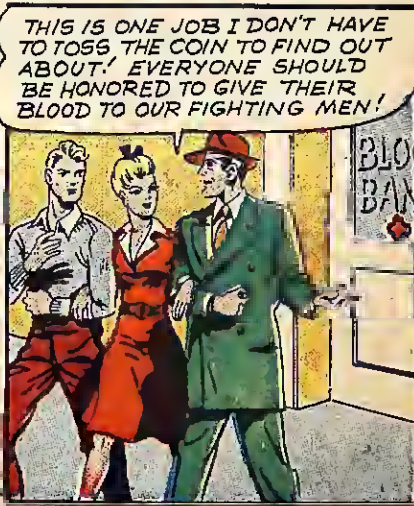
LATER, AT THE OFFICE....

LOOK AT THIS, LUCKY! AND TO THINK WE'D NEVER HAVE CAUGHT THEM IF I HADN'T WORKED THAT MATCH FOLDER TRICK!

DON'T EVER SAY I DIDN'T KEEP YOU BOTH FROM GOING CRAZY! LET'S SEE THAT PAPER!



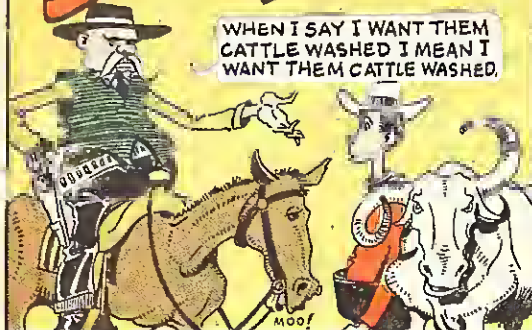
OH YES, BOYS: I JUST CALLED UP AND WE HAVE AN APPOINTMENT TO MAKE A BLOOD DONATION RIGHT AWAY! LET'S GO!



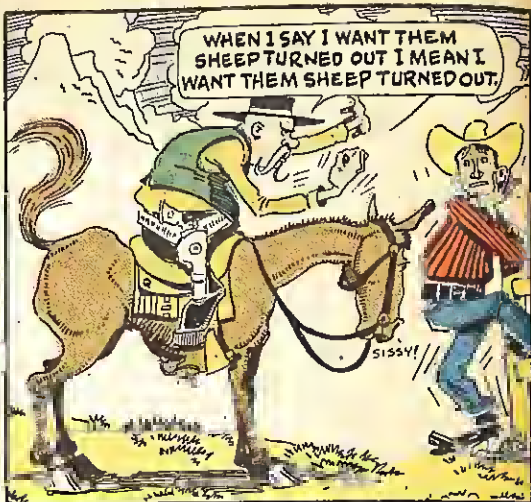
THIS IS ONE JOB I DON'T HAVE TO TOSS THE COIN TO FIND OUT ABOUT! EVERYONE SHOULD BE HONORED TO GIVE THEIR BLOOD TO OUR FIGHTING MEN!

BOB OF THE RANCH

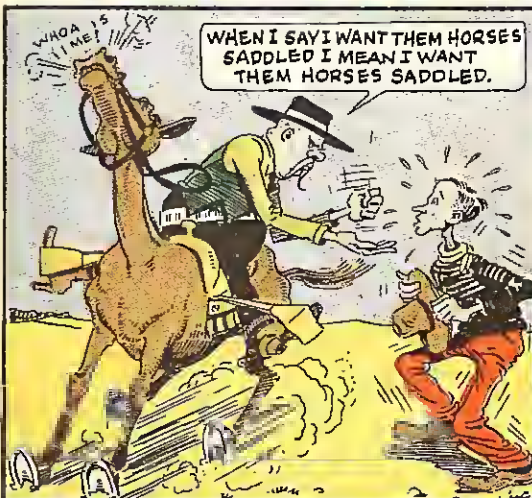
WHEN I SAY I WANT THEM
CATTLE WASHED I MEAN I
WANT THEM CATTLE WASHED.



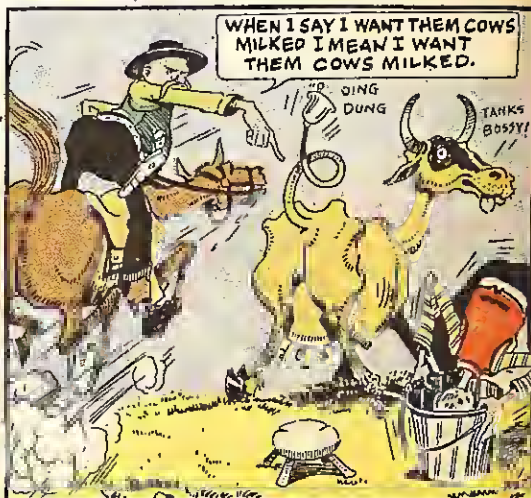
WHEN I SAY I WANT THEM
SHEEP TURNED OUT I MEAN I
WANT THEM SHEEP TURNED OUT.



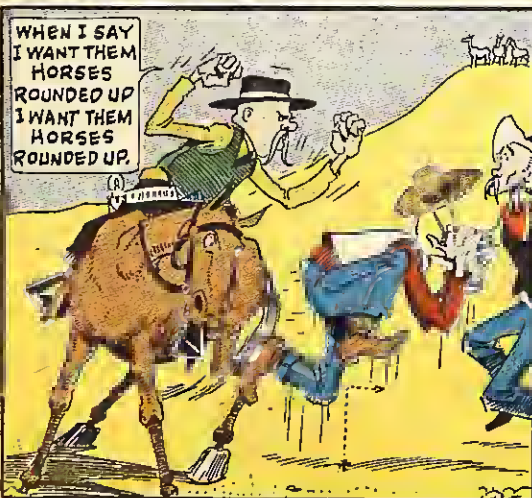
WHEN I SAY I WANT THEM HORSES
SADDLED I MEAN I WANT
THEM HORSES SADDLED.



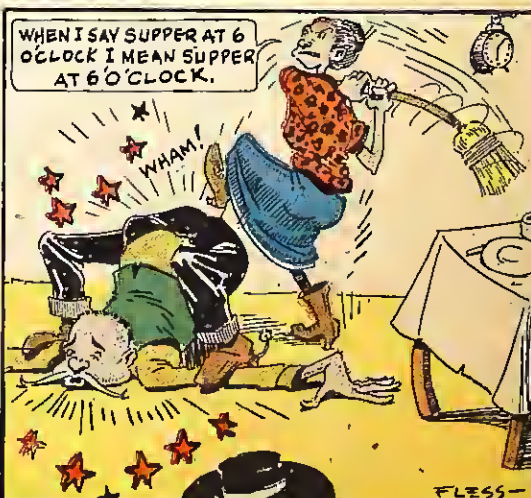
WHEN I SAY I WANT THEM COWS
MILKED I MEAN I WANT
THEM COWS MILKED.



WHEN I SAY
I WANT THEM
HORSES
ROUNDED UP
I WANT THEM
HORSES
ROUNDED UP.



WHEN I SAY SUPPER AT 6
O'CLOCK I MEAN SUPPER
AT 6 O'CLOCK.



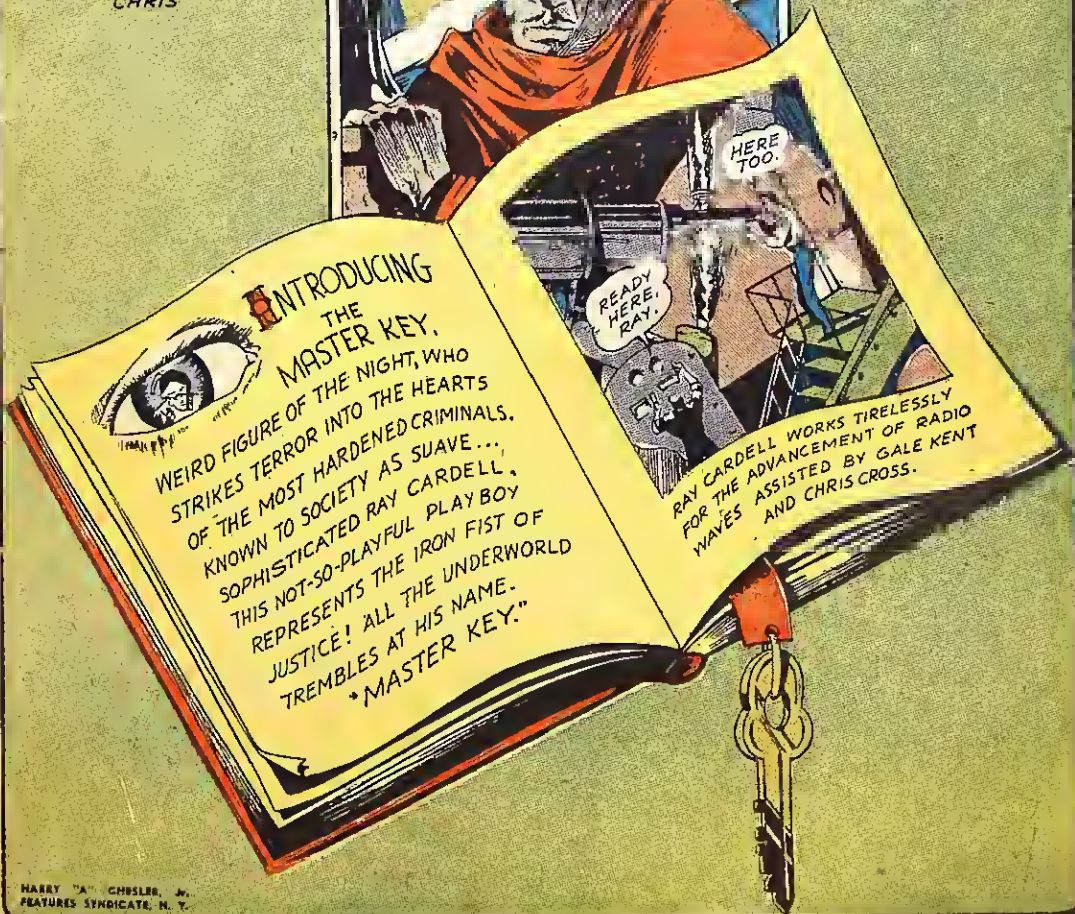
MASTER KEY



CHRIS



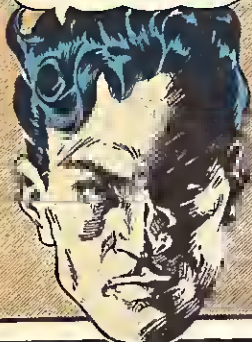
GALE





THUS, OUT OF A LABORATORY ACCIDENT RISES THE ONE AND ONLY- MASTER KEY- A FEARLESS CHALLENGE TO THE UNDERWORLD!

TO MY FRIENDS AND SOCIETY I'LL BE RAY CARDELL, BUT- TO THE UNDERWORLD I'LL BE "THE MASTER KEY!"



THAT NIGHT, RAY TAKES A LONG WALK ALONG PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE, HEART OF WASHINGTON, D.C.



SUDDENLY, THE QUIET OF THE EVENING IS SHATTERED BY A LARGE MICROPHONE ATOP ONE OF THE BUILDINGS.

ATTENTION CITIZENS! THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES HAS VANISHED. ALL... ETC... ETC...



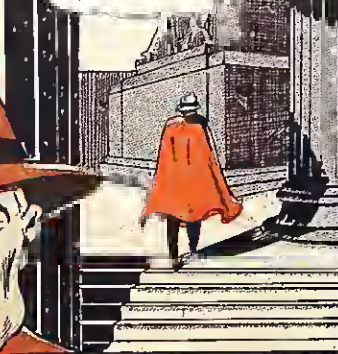
WHO COULD OF DONE IT?

GULP! WELL... WHAT DO YOU KNOW!

IT- IT AIN'T POSSIBLE!



PRESIDENT DISAPPEARS? IT SEEMS FANTASTIC... STILL WITH THE WAR GOING ON... AND THE COUNTRY INFESTED WITH NAZI AGENTS....



I WONDER WHAT YOU WOULD DO AT SUCH A TIME, ABE?

MY EYE! IT'S BEGINNING TO CHANGE!



TRANSFORMING RAY CARDELL INTO THE MASTER KEY, THE PENETRATING RAY FROM HIS EYE, TRAVELS TO THE STATUE OF ABELINCOLN...



WHAT TH!- WHY THERE'S A SECRET PANEL ENCASED IN THE FOOT OF THE STATUE!



WITH HIS PENETRATING RAY, THE MASTER KEY FORCES OPEN THE SECRET PANEL.



THERE MUST BE SOMETHING MIGHTY STRANGE GOING ON DOWN HERE.



I WONDER WHERE THAT LOUD CLANGING SOUND IS COMING FROM?



THROUGH EERIE PASSAGeways AND DOWN CREAKY STAIRCASES MOVES THE MASTER KEY.



THE HIGHLY SENSITIZED EYE FOCUSES ON A STRANGE SCENE.



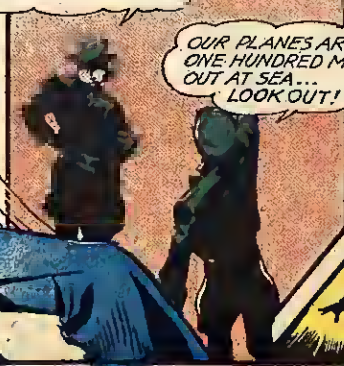
MOVE FASTER, YOU STUPID FOOLS. WE MUST BE PREPARED TO STRIKE AT MID-NIGHT!



SUDDENLY, THE FLOOR GIVES WAY.

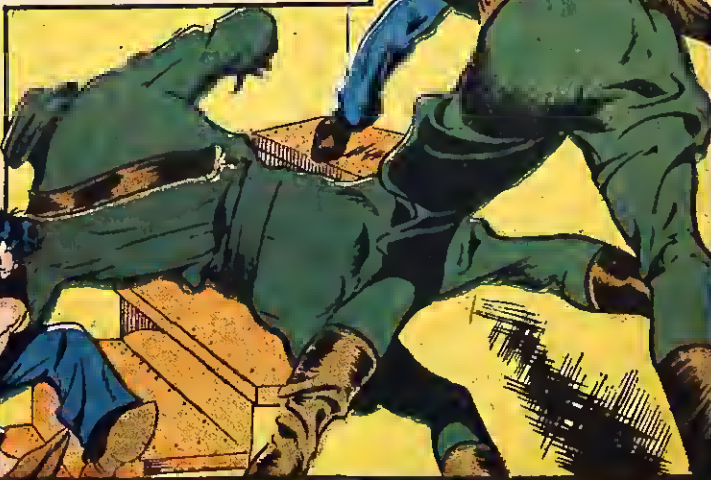


WITH THE WHOLE NATION'S ATTENTION ON THE PRESIDENT'S DISAPPEARANCE, THEY WILL BE UN- PREPARED FOR OUR BLOW TO-NIGHT!



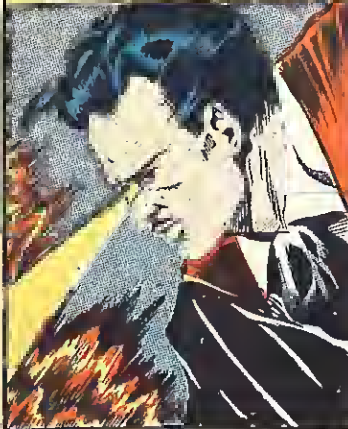
OOPS! EXCUSE ME, BOYS!



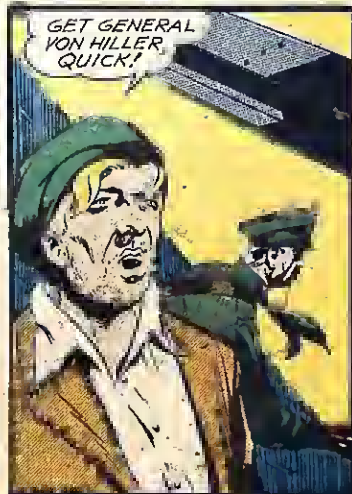
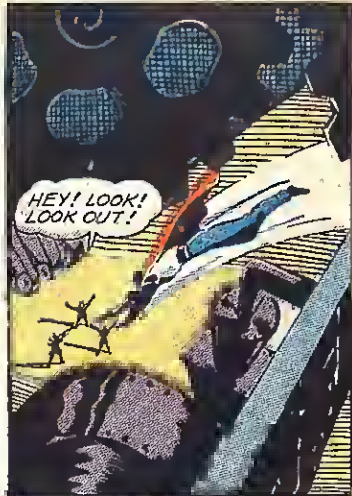
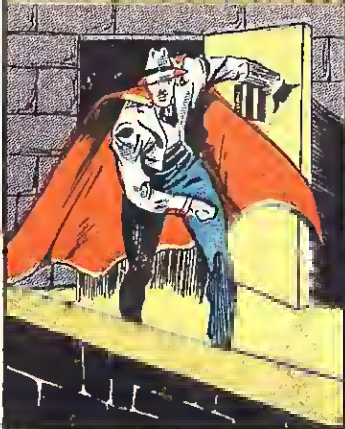


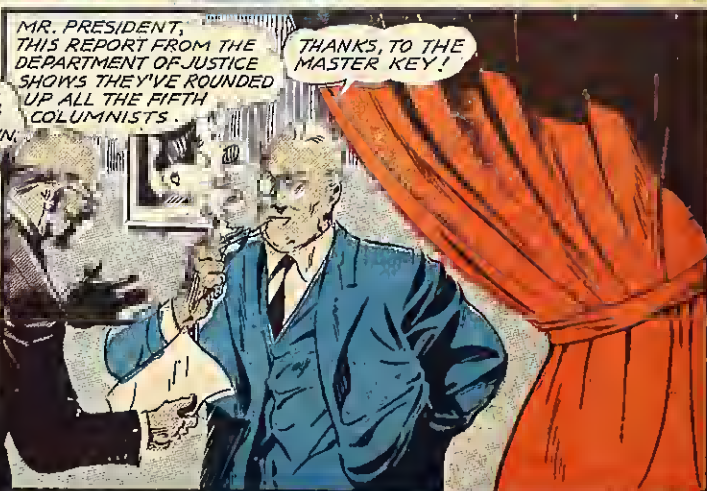
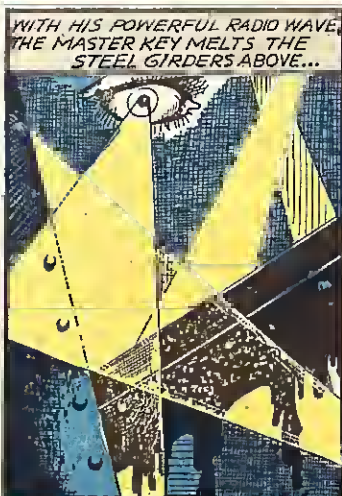
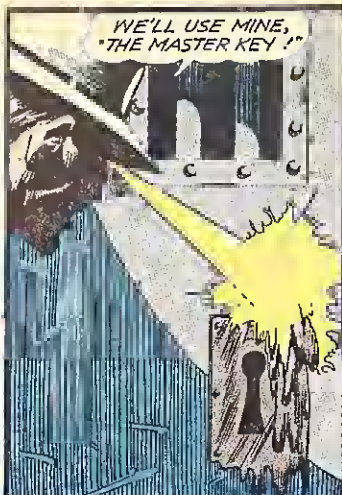


RAY CARDELL, ALIAS THE MASTER KEY, SHOOTS HIS RAY FORWARD SMASHING THE LOCK...



... AND AN INSTANT LATER, THE WEIRD FIGURE OF THE MASTER KEY STANDS FORTH.





STAMP-O-GRAMS

ODD NAMES

U.S. POSTAL GUIDE
SHOWS THE FOLLOWING
POST OFFICES—

"CYCLONE" IN
WYOMING-COUNTY

"HURRICANE" IN
PUTNAM-COUNTY

"TORNADO" IN
KANAWHA-COUNTY

"WINDY" IN
WIRT COUNTY
ALL IN WEST VIRGINIA

STAMP ODDITIES

"ROUGH AN READY"
IS THE NAME OF A TOWN
IN CALIFORNIA.

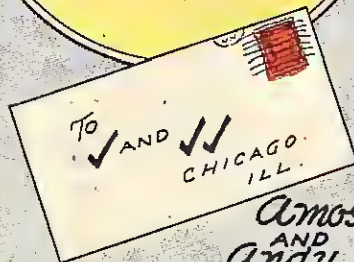
DURING THE WORLD WAR
U.S. SECRET SERVICE
OPERATIVES PRINTED
COUNTERFEIT GERMAN
STAMPS FOR USE ON
THEIR SPY CORRESPONDENCE.

THE UNITED STATES
POST OFFICE ISSUED
ONLY ONE #3 AND
ONE #4 POSTAGE
STAMP. (COLUMBIAN
ISSUE IN 1893.)

BARBARA STANWYCK



POTRAYS HER
ROLE OF POST-
MISTRESS IN
THE MOVIE--
"UNION
PACIFIC"
EFFECTIVELY
BECAUSE, IN REALITY, SHE
IS AN ARDENT STAMP
COLLECTOR.



Amos
AND
Andy

RECEIVED THIS
LETTER PROMPTLY.

Some more NEXT ISSUE!

DO YOU KNOW?

IRELAND

IS IN
NORTH CAROLINA.

SCOTLAND

IS IN
NORTH CAROLINA.

ENGLAND

IS IN ARKANSAS

MEXICO

IS IN MAINE

ROME

IS IN FLORIDA

ATHENS

IS IN TEXAS

STAMP COLLECTORS MENU

APPETIZERS VEGETABLES

MELON (KAN.)

POTATO (TEXAS)

OYSTER (PA.)

LIMA (OKLA.)

SOUP

TURTLE (MO.)

DESSERTS

PECAN (MISS.)

RICE (ARIZ.)

PEANUT (CAL.)

FISH

CARP (MINN.)

FRUIT

APPLE (KY.)

HADDOCK (GA.)

ORANGE (CONN.)

GAME

QUAIL (TEXAS)

DRINKS

CHAMPAIN (ILL.)

SQUIRREL (IDAH.)

RYE (N.Y.)

ROAST

CHICKEN (ALASKA)

CIGARS

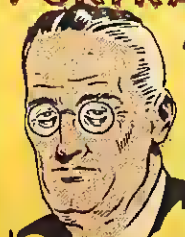
CORONA (N.Y.)

TURKEY (TEXAS)

CREMO (W.VA.)

STAMP PORTRAITS

F.D.R.



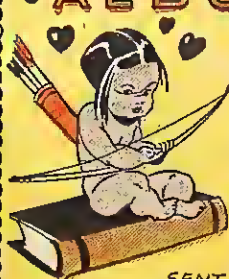
IT IS
REPORTED
SPENDS
A PART
OF EACH
DAY
BRINGING
HIS OUT-
STANDING
COLLECTION UP TO-
DATE.

PHILATELIC PHOOLERY



THE FIRST
AMERICAN
"MALE"
CARRIER.

ONE FOR THE ALBUM



The
POSTAL
SERVICE
OF
VENEZUELA
HAS
ANNOUNCED
THAT
LOVE
LETTERS
MAY
BE
SENT AT HALF
RATE HERE AFTER.

IN THE MOORS
LURKS A
MONSTER,
READY TO
POUNCE ON
ANYONE
WHO INTRUDES
ON HIS
SANCTUARY.
WHAT IS THE
CONNECTION
BETWEEN
THIS
MONSTER
AND THE
LEGEND OF
BLACKMOOR
MANOR?
IT TAKES
ALL THE
CUNNING
AND
RESOURCES
OF THE
ECHO
TO SOLVE
THIS RIDDLE.



THE ECHO, HIS BROTHER DR. DOOM AND
HIS SISTER RETURN FROM A PICNIC...

IT SURE WAS A
SNELL DAY FOR
A PICNIC.

YES. LOOK
AT THAT GIRL!



STOP, STOP!

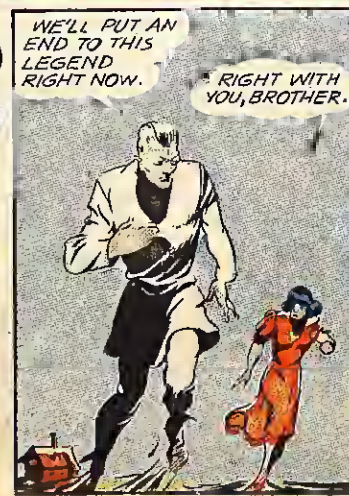
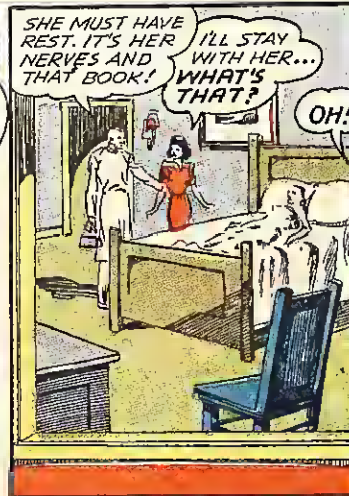
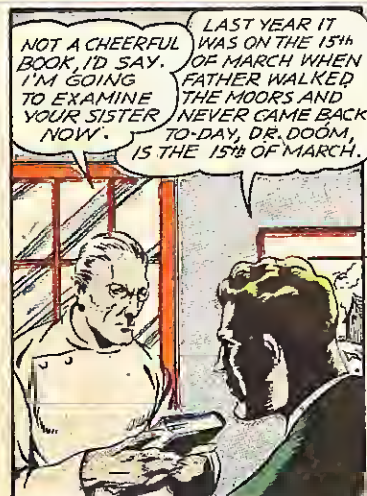
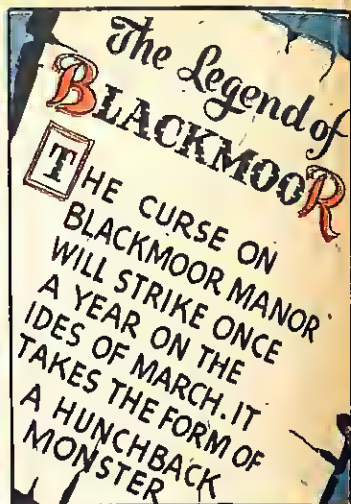


HARRY "A" CHESLER, JR.
FEATURES SYNDICATE, N. Y.



ECHO





A LONE FIGURE RESTS HIS OARS
UNDER THE FORBIDDING HOUSE...

IT TOOK ME LONGER
TO ROW ACROSS THE
LAKE THAN I
EXPECTED.

SOMEBODY'S FORCING
HIS WAY INTO THE
HOUSE, I SEEM TO
HAVE ARRIVED IN
THE NICK OF TIME!

INSIDE THE HOUSE...

EEEEEEEE

THE IDES OF MARCH
HAVE COME!

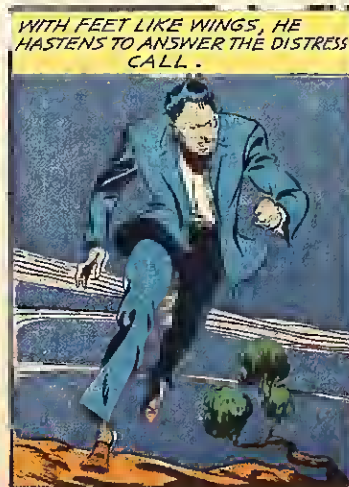
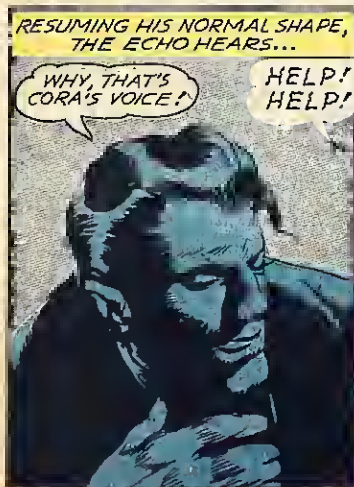
YOU COME WITH
ME... NEVER
TO RETURN.

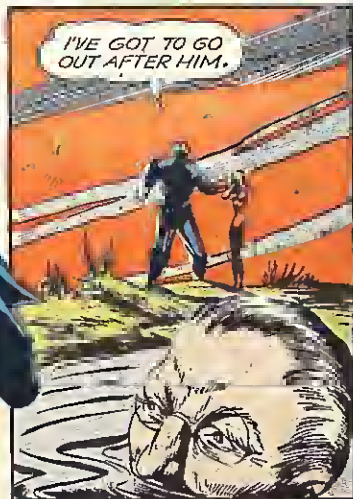
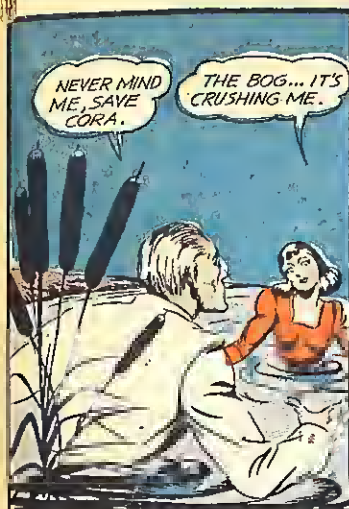
NOT UNLESS
SHE WANTS TO!

THAT'S FOR
SCARING PEOPLE.

THE RADIO ACTIVE RING FREEZES
THE HIDEOUS CREATURE IN ITS
TRACKS.

UNSEEN, A FIGURE LURKES IN
THE SHADOWS...

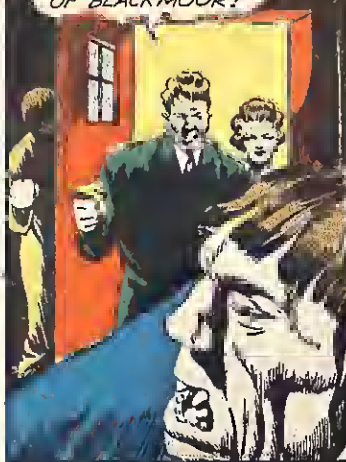




BACK AT THE ANCIENT MANSION.



IT'S THE MONSTER OF BLACKMOOR!



YOU WERE NEXT... I MAY AS WELL FINISH THE JOB NOW.



BUT SUDDENLY...

YOU FORGOT ME, DIDN'T YOU? NOW WE'LL END THIS BUSINESS!



LOOK OUT!



WHY IT'S MRS. BENTON, YOUR HOUSEKEEPER! THAT SETTLES ONE... NOW FOR THE OTHER!



IT'S WILLIAM!

YES, YOUR BUTLER. GO AHEAD, MOTHER. YOU MAY AS WELL TELL THE STORY NOW!

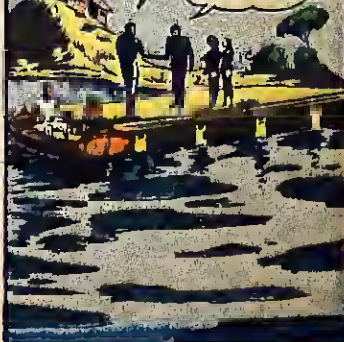
YES, I AM WILLIAM'S MOTHER. HE AND TRUTH WERE SECRETLY MARRIED. I WANTED TO GET RID OF HOPE AND JAMES SO I COULD LIVE HERE AS HOPE'S MOTHER-IN-LAW... NOT A SERVANT.

WE KILLED HER FATHER AND TRIED TO LEAD HOPE AND JAMES TO THE SAME DEATH. WE GOT YOUR SISTER AND BROTHER, BUT WE COULDN'T FIGHT YOU!

I HATE TO DISAPPOINT YOU, BUT THEY BOTH ARE SAFE!

THE POLICE WILL TAKE CARE OF THEM. YOU THREE SHOULD LEAVE THIS PLACE AND FORGET THE WHOLE THING!

WE WILL, AND BLESS THE THREE OF YOU FOR SAVING US FROM THOSE FIENDS.



YANKEE DOODLE JONES



A STRANGE GROUP OF CRIPPLED WAR VETERANS GATHER AT THE HOME OF AN EMINENT SURGEON.

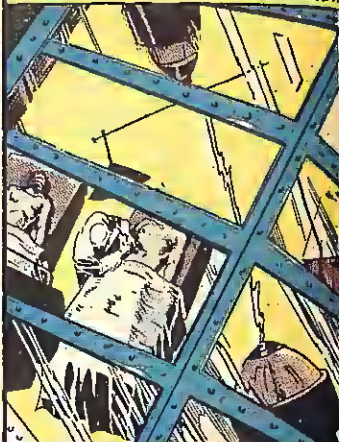
YOU MEN OF DIFFERENT FAITHS GLADLY GAVE YOUR SERVICES TO UNCLE SAM IN THE LAST WAR! ARE YOU READY NOW TO GIVE UP YOUR LIVES?



WILLINGLY, SO THAT FROM US A PROTECTOR OF THE AMERICAN DOCTRINES SHALL RISE!



HOURS OF TRANSPLANTING... DELICATE LIVING ORGANISMS AND...



I AM READY, DOCTOR.

GOOD! NOW FOR THE INVINCIBILITY INJECTION!



OUT OF THE DOORWAY COMES MIGHTY YANKEE DOODLE JONES.

THE STRENGTH OF AN ARMY LIES IN THIS FLUID... YOU'LL BE THE GREATEST LIVING THING THE WORLD HAS EVER SEEN.

GOSH, IF ONLY DAD WOULD INJECT ME WITH SOME OF THAT!



SUDDENLY...

DIS IS YUN DEFENSE PROGRAM DOT VILL NOT YORR OUT... HA, HA!

OWWWW!



AND AS THE LAST FEW DROPS OF THE PRECIOUS FLUID ARE ABOUT TO ENTER...

FATHER! FATHER!

YOU'LL PAY FOR THIS WITH BROKEN BONES RATS!

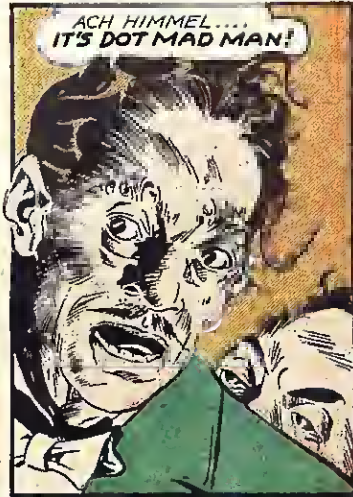
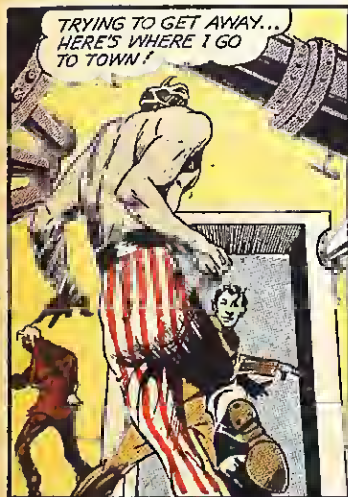


YANKEE DOODLE JONES, MADE POWERFUL BY THE INJECTION, CRASHES INTO THE ATTACKERS.



I HOPE THERE'S SOME LEFT... GOOD, NOW TO AVENGE FATHER!





AT AN ARMY OUTPOST OFFICERS' SCHOOL...



THESE MILITARY SECRETS
ARE SO VITAL TO OUR
COUNTRY THEY CANNOT
BE WRITTEN ON PAPER
I WILL... OH OOOOOH...



ON THE HIGH SEAS THE RED
CIRCLE OF DEATH STRIKES AGAIN.



WITH THIS INSTRUMENT
WE CAN LOCATE ANY....
AGH... AAAGGGH....



AND AT THE
AIR CORPS
FLYING
FIELD...

NO WONDER HE
COULDN'T TAKE OFF
... HE'S DEAD!



LOOK AT THAT
GORY RED CIRCLE!



MEANWHILE., YANKEE DOODLE
JONES AND DANDY ARE UNAWARE
OF THE STRANGE DEATHS, WHEN...

WELL OF ALL THE...
DON'T YOU EVER
THINK OF ANYTHING
BUT CHOCOLATE
CAKE?

SOMEBODY
OUGHT TO
ANSWER
THAT DOOR.

KNOCK
KNOCK



IT'S OPENING
BY ITSELF....
WHY, IT'S
UNCLE
SAM!

GULP!
GULP!



WELL, I'M GLAD TO SEE
YOU BOYS HAVE ENJOYED
YOUR REST! STAND AT
EASE AND LISTEN!



THREE OF MY MOST
VALUABLE OFFICERS
HAVE BEEN STRANGLLED
TO DEATH MYSTERIOUSLY!
I WANT YOU BOYS TO SEE
THAT JUSTICE IS DONE!

WE'RE
OFF
SIR!

GULP!
GULP!
YES SIR!

HOURS LATER, AFTER A FRANTIC BUT USELESS SEARCH...

NOT A CLUE YET!
BETTER GO IN AND
GET A HAIRCUT
WHILE I KEEP
LOOKING AROUND
THIS SECTION

GOOD, I SURE
NEED IT.

I CUT ALL THE OFFICER'S
HAIR AND I DON'T LIKE
KIDS EATING CAKE
WHO WIGGLE

TCH, TCH!
TOO BAD!

ANY HAIR?
ANY HAIR?

JEEPERS CREEPERS,
WHAT A WITCH!

YES, YOU CAN
TAKE THAT
PILE BACK
THERE IN
THE BUCKET.

WHAT DO YOU DO
WITH THE HAIR
LADY?

SHUT UP OR I'LL
TAKE SOME OF
YOURS, YOU BRAT

HEY, COME BACK
HERE, I'M NOT
FINISHED!

I'LL BE BACK
YOU CAN
FINISH
MY CAKE.

AS DANDY WATCHES THE HAG'S
MOVEMENTS, A SHADOW DRAWS
CLOSER AND CLOSER

I'LL HAVE TO
SEE WHAT
GOES ON IN
THERE!

YOUR SNOOPING
IS NOW OVER!



THE FEAR WILL
TAKE CARE OF
THIS PEST!



TEARING THROUGH THE SACK...
DANDY DROPS BITS OF CLOTH.

I HOPE YANKEE
PICKS UP THE
TRAIL!



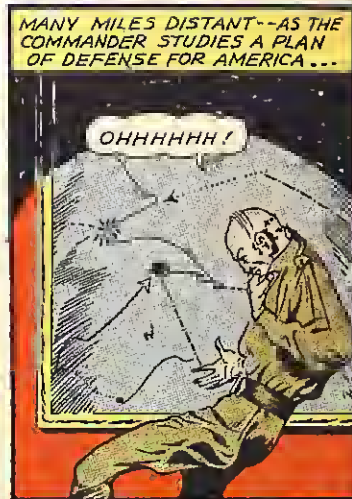
HE HE, HE HE!
HAIR FROM
THE COMMANDER
HIMSELF.



ON WITH YOUR WORK,
HAG. YOU, DANDY, WILL
SUFFER DEATH FOR
INTERFERING.



TIGHTEN TIGHTEN BAND OF
HAIR, STRANGLE YOUR
OWNER... NO MATTER
WHERE.



MANY MILES DISTANT--AS THE
COMMANDER STUDIES A PLAN
OF DEFENSE FOR AMERICA...

OHHHHHH!



NOW SOME OF YOUR
HAIR, MY NOSEY LITTLE
IMP. YOU TOO SHALL
FEEL HER POWER.

SO YOU
THINK,
OUCH!



SHE IS MY PET. THE
LAST WITCH FROM
THE DARK AGES, HA HA!

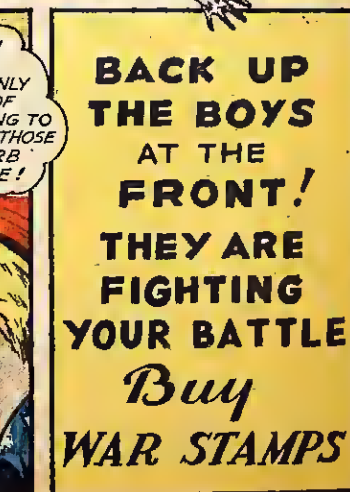


MY FEAR, MY FEAR,
YANKEE DOODLE
HIMSELF WAS IN
THE BARBERS LOOKING
FOR THE IMP, DANDY.
LOOK! YANKEE DOODLE'S
HAIR!



BUT AS YANKEE DOODLE ENTERS, THE MYSTIC STRANGULATION BEGINS TO TAKE EFFECT.





**BACK UP
THE BOYS
AT THE
FRONT!
THEY ARE
FIGHTING
YOUR BATTLE
Buy
WAR STAMPS**

THE Forbidden Fruit



The moon shone on the lawn of Miser Dawson's house, as Eightball leaped over the shrubbery and raced up to the big apple tree.

He looked around carefully, and realizing that no one had seen him, quickly climbed up the tree. Once hidden in the tree, he was safe. Eagerly, he began to eat the luscious big MacIntosh apples. He looked around at old man Dawson's bedroom window, to see if the miser was asleep.

"Gosh, almighty," he cried as he saw two masked thieves beating up the miser. "A hold up!" he gulped.

Carefully, he climbed towards the balcony of Dawson's house. He took a deep breath and leaped from the tree onto the balcony. With great caution, he walked along the ledge toward a rear window of the house.

Silently he pushed it open, and slipped inside.

Inside the great hall of the house, Eightball could hear the thieves. "Come on," one of them roared, "give us the dough or we'll beat you to a pulp."

"I liaven't any money," wailed the miser. "It's all in the bank."

"Baloney!" roared one of the thieves.

Eightball heard a heavy blow being landed, and a muffled cry from the miser.

"Hold his mouth," yelled a thief.

Eightball's mind began to spin. "What would these two men do if

A'h was stealin'?"

He shook his head, "Oh no," he said, "A'h aint gonna be no ghost."

"Come on," his conscience said, "be brave. They're beating an old man."

"Okay," whispered Eightball. "If A'h must, A'h must!"

He took a bed sheet out of one room and found a long stout rope in another. With deadly accuracy, he lassoed the rope to the chandelier that hung over the room, below which the balcony overlooked.

He opened the electric switch box and threw the whole house into darkness.

"Who did that?" he heard one of the gangsters yell.

Eightball climbed on the balcony rail and wailed, "MEEE-OOO!"

The thugs came out of the room holding the miser before them. "Shoot if you want to coppers. We got the old man in front of us."

"It ain't no cops," wailed Eightball. "It's A'h, the ghosts of all the people the miser, Mr. Dawson, starved to death. A'h haunts this house every night."

"It's a ruse," yelled a gangster, as he charged at the white-cloaked Eightball.

He swung a club at Eightball, but the cloaked figure swayed from the balcony into the air.

"YIIII! it flies!" screamed the thief.

Before the gangster could

move, Eightball came sailing back and kicked the gangster in the face sending him sprawling.

The thief rose to his feet, and screamed, "IT'S A GHOST. LET ME OUT OF HERE." He raced down the steps with the other crook behind him. Out of the house and into the night they ran.

Eightball landed on the balcony and walked up to Dawson. The miser cringed back, "Don't harm me," he pleaded. "I'll do anything you say."

"Gosh," mused Eightball, "he thinks I'm a real ghost. Oh well, here goes."

"Well," said Eightball, "promise me you'll stop being a miser and pay your help fair salaries."

"I will," promised the miser.

"Oh yeah," said Eightball to himself.

"And one more thing, Mr. Miser," he continued.

"Anything," wailed Dawson.

"Promise me you'll let the Young Americans eat all the apples that grow on your trees."

"Sure, sure anything."

"Okay then, back to your room."

Dawson ran into his room and slammed the door.

Eightball took the sheet off, and quietly slipped out of the house. Once outside, he looked up at the apple tree and said, "Hmm, Hm, Mr. Apple Tree, A'h gonna live under you for the rest of the year."

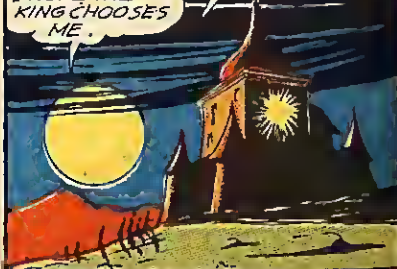
DAN HASTINGS



WHEN THE HIDEOUS KING ZACO OF THE PLANET ZARIS CAME TO EARTH IN QUEST OF A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN FOR A BRIDE, IT WAS DAN HASTINGS' SWEETHEART GLORIA, HE CHOSE. NO OBSTACLE PROVED GREAT ENOUGH TO KEEP THE HUSKY SPACE ADVENTURER FROM RESCUING THE ONE HE LOVED.

ON THE PLANET ZARIS, THE WOMEN OF THE COURT WAIT ANXIOUSLY ... KING ZACO IS TO TAKE A BRIDE.

I WILL BE HIS BRIDE FOR I AM THE PRETTIEST.
I HOPE THE KING CHOOSES ME.



IN THE KING'S CHAMBERS...

I WANT A QUEEN TO RULE WITH ME, BUT I WON'T HAVE ANY OF THE UGLY WOMEN IN MY COURT. I WANT ONE AS BEAUTIFUL AS A FLOWER.

LOOK, KING ZACO, HERE'S THE ONE YOU WANT.



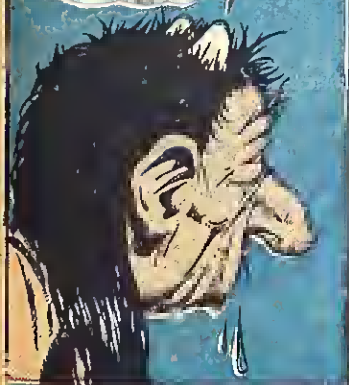
OUR INTERPLANETARY CAMERA PICKED THIS UP FROM THE PLANET EARTH!



AH, HERE AT LAST IS ONE FAIR ENOUGH FOR ZACO. SHE SHALL BE MY QUEEN.



COME, MY MEN OF SCIENCE, WE WILL LEAVE FOR EARTH AND BRING THIS BEAUTIFUL WOMAN BACK TO OUR KINGDOM.



THE FOLLOWING DAY, A GIANT ROCKET SHIP ZOOMS OUT OF THE PLANET ZARIS, HEADING FOR EARTH.

WE WILL FLY ALONG THE PHOTO BEAM AND IT WILL LEAD US TO THE EARTH WOMAN.



HOURS FLY BY WHEN SUDDENLY...

KING ZACO THE PHOTO BEAM IS ENDING.

GOOD, THEN WE WILL LAND. WE MUST BE NEAR THE EARTH WOMAN'S HOME.



SILENTLY, THE INVADING BAND LANDS NEAR THE HOME OF GLORIA CARTER.

AH, SOON SHE WILL BE MINE!

THIS WAY TO HER HOUSE.



INSIDE, GLORIA, HER FATHER AND DAN HASTINGS CHAT.

WHEN DO YOU THINK WE'LL BE ABLE TO TAKE A SCIENTIFIC TRIP, DAN?

I WAS TELLING DR. CARTER... WHAT'S THAT NOISE?



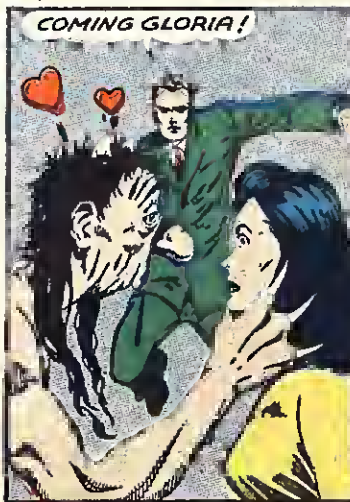
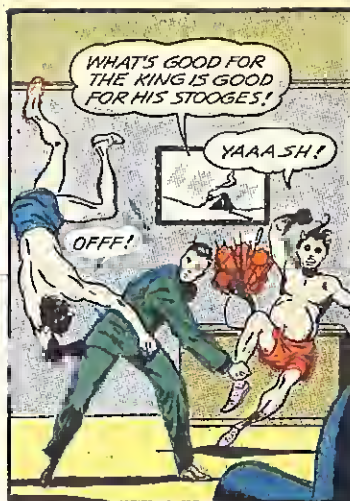
SUDDENLY...

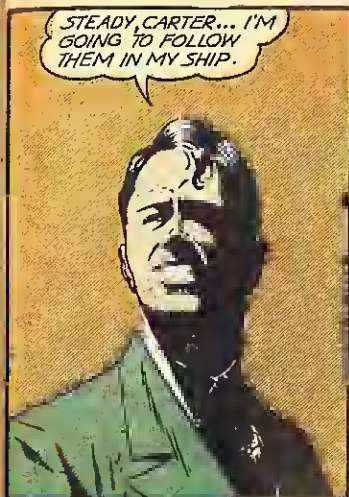
WHAT ARE YOU MEN DOING HERE?

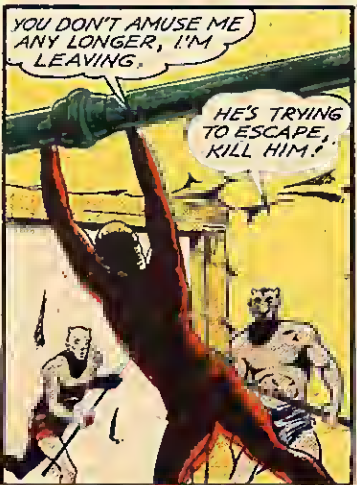
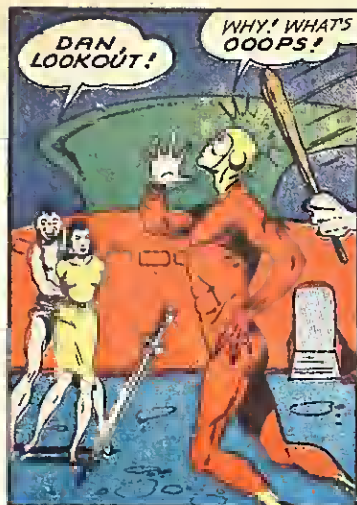
I CAME TO TAKE THE LADY. SHE IS TO BE MY QUEEN AND WIFE.



HASTINGS QUICKLY SWINGS INTO ACTION.







IN ONE OF THE CHAMBERS,
GLORIA IS PREPARED FOR THE
WEDDING...

YOU SHOULD
BE PROUD TO
MARRY OUR
KING.

WHAT CAN THE
KING SEE IN HER?
SHE HAS SUCH
SMALL EYES.

SHE IS UGLY.
LOOK HOW SMALL
HER MOUTH IS.

HURRY, THE GOOD
KING ZACO AWAITS
HIS BRIDE.

WE ARE
COMING!

AH, HERE COMES THE
BRIDE. WHAT IS KEEPING
THE BEST MAN?

I AM READY FOR OUR
MARRIAGE BEAUTIFUL
ONE. WE ARE WAITING
FOR YOUR SWEETHEART
TO GIVE YOU AWAY.

HERE I AM,
ROYAL
JACKASS!

IT'S THE
PRISONER,
GET HIM!

HELLO,
KING
WACKO!

OOOOOPS!

OH! DAN, I
KNEW YOU'D
SAVE ME.

START MY SHIP,
I'LL HOLD THEM
BACK AWHILE.

I GUESS THIS IS
MY ROUND,
WACKO!

NEVER,
YOU EARTH
DOG!

AS GLORIA RUNS TO THE ROCKET
SHIP, DAN HOLDS THE EXIT.

